Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeeres of happy days befall
My gracious Soverdeigne, my loving Liege.
Mow. Each day still better others happiness,
Untill the heavens envying earth good hap
adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us
As well appeareth by the cause you come
namely to appeale each other of high treason.
Cosin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Mowbray?
Bul: First (Heaven be ye record of my speech)
In ye devotion of a subjects love,
Tendring the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appelant to his princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, doe I turne to thee
And marke my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine Soule answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and Christall is the skie
The uglier seemes the Clouds, that in it flye.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note
With a foule traitors name, stuffe thy throat
And wish (so please my Soverdeigne) ere I move
What my tongue speakes, my right drawne sword may prove.
Mow: Let not my cole worde here accuse my zeale.
Tis not the triyall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast

As to be hush't, and nought at all to say.
First, the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbs me
From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
which one would post, untill it had returned
(End of ye 2d page)
These termes of treason, doubly doune his throat.
Ting aside his high blood royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and spit at him,
Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever English man durst set his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my royalty,
By all my hopes most falsely doth he lye.
Bul: Pale trembling Coward, then I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King,
And lay aside my high blood royalty
which feare, not reverence makes me to except